



# Pre-Packaged Peer Pressure



46 5 5

## Chapter 1 by Geneva Collins

A high school lunch room is an exciting time of discourse and debate, a place for delicious delicacies and disgusting dross. Today, however, there were more pressing matters.

## Chapter 2 by Adam



There they were, the most popular kids in the school. The kind of people that used the other students like slaves, and thought of themselves as gods. Today that would change. Charlotte and I always sat in the back corner. She liked the isolation, so did I. Every now and then somebody came over to mock us, expecting us to run away in tears, all they got was a punch in the face.

## Chapter 3 by Kendall



Vanessa Pullen and her gang of whores walked up to us today, interrupting a very heated conversation about Harry Potter fanfic. The usual slaughtering occurred, Vanessa proceeded to photograph the geeky wildlife that Char just so naturally emitted from behind her glasses and bulky sweaters. She then handed Charlotte's sad highschool reputation to her right hand, Holly Fortner, who posted the pictures on every social media platform imaginable.

The poking and teasing continued to ride its expected course, with Char nearly in tears and me trying to seem as though I don't give a shit. Just as Vanessa was seemingly getting bored with us underclassmen, Arlen Thorpe made his way behind Pullen and Co., and casually stood with his hands in his pockets. The most forgettable moron of the three, McKinley Ward, turned around

See more of Story Wars

In the presence of Arlen Thorpe, Senior Class President, Vanessa's grimace fell into

Login

or

Create new account

"Hey Arley," all of Vanessa's weight fell onto her hip and she pushed her chest out.

"It's Arlen," the magestic boy who's name was whispered in the halls replied, unamused. "You're in the wrong part of the cafeteria, Vanessa. The hand massages and foot baths are over there," he throws his head in the direction behind him, and gives her an effortless glare.

Vanessa curls her lips, "Funny... well then girls, I guess we should be leaving." She waves for Arlen to make way for her alter ego and walks away. Baby Slut 1 and Baby Slut 2 follow on command.

"Charlotte, are you okay?" Arlen's voice is smooth, and it strikes me as unexpected that they would know each other.

"Yeah, thanks, I'm fine. They've been doing that all year," Char rubs her face with her hands, trying to smudge the look of embarrassment off her red cheeks.

He nodd, and directs his deep brown eyes at me. "Are you okay?"

Unable to fathom into words, my love for this boy is already too strong for me to act even remotely nonchalant around him. I take a sharp elbow to the ribs from Charlotte that pushes the words up and out of my throat.

"Uh, yeah... thanks. I'm good," I swallow hard, quickly regretting my decision of coming to school today.

"I'm Arlen by the way."

Oh, I'm fully aware, thank you.

"I haven't really seen you around here, what's your name?"

**Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8**

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account